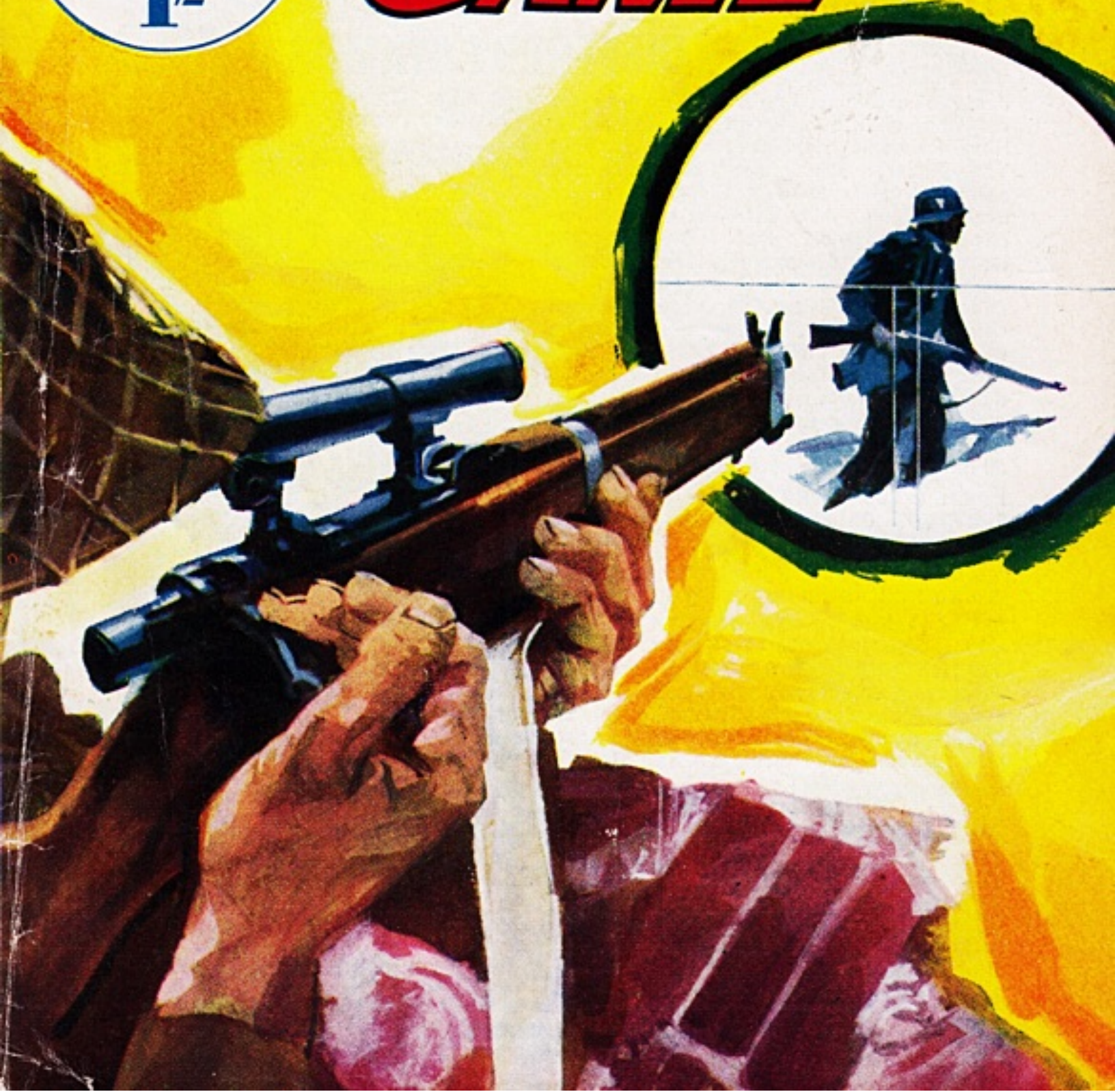


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THE BIG GAME





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42 STAMP SIZE PORTRAITS OF THE Kings & Queens of England



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THE BIG GAME

EARLY IN 1941, AN OBSCURE GENERAL NAMED ROMMEL ARRIVED IN NORTH AFRICA TO TAKE OVER THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN FORCES. INSIDE THREE BRUTAL MONTHS, HE HAD FLUNG BACK THE BRITISH TO THE EGYPTIAN FRONTIER. IT SEEMED THAT NOTHING COULD STOP HIM...



The Big Game

ONE OF THE UNITS WHICH HAD FOUGHT AND FALLEN BACK BEFORE THE STORMING PANZERS WAS 'B' COMPANY OF THE THIRD CUMBERLAND FOOT. NOW THEY WERE DUG IN NEAR HALFAYA...

HERE COME THE BEGGARS AGAIN...

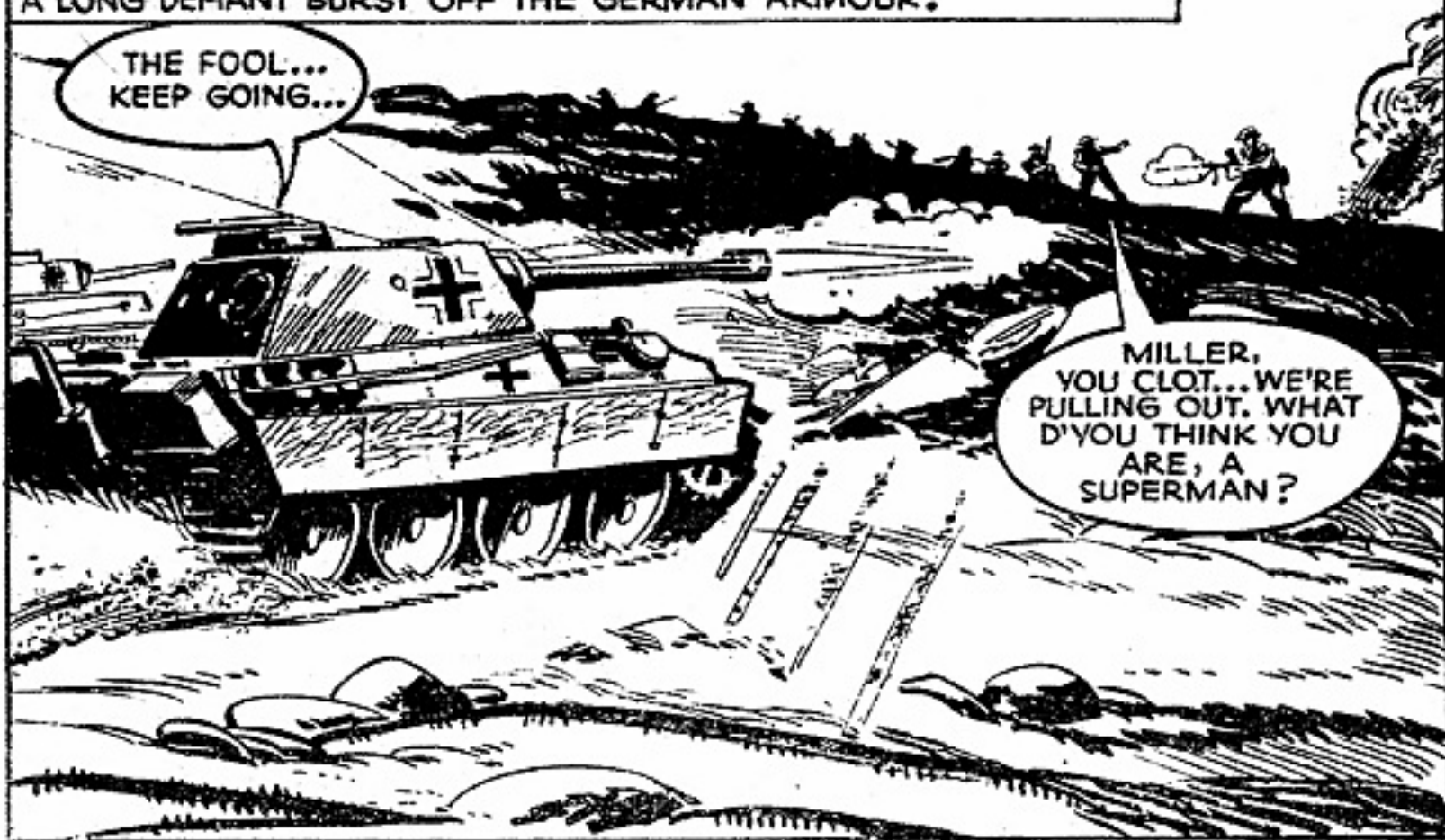
AND NOTHING BUT A BREN TO STOP THEM WITH. WE'LL HAVE TO FALL BACK.



ONE OF THE INFANTRYMEN STOOD UP WITH HIS BREN AND BOUNCED A LONG DEFIANT BURST OFF THE GERMAN ARMOUR.

THE FOOL...
KEEP GOING...

MILLER,
YOU CLOT...WE'RE
PULLING OUT. WHAT
D'YOU THINK YOU
ARE, A
SUPERMAN?



THE INFANTRYMEN BEAT A HASTY RETREAT THROUGH THE GULLIES THAT CRISS-CROSSED THE AREA. THEY WERE TIRED, SULLEN AND BITTER...



FIVE MILES BACK, ON THE REVERSE SLOPE OF A SAND RIDGE, 'B' COMPANY DUG IN AGAIN. THEIR COMMANDER, CAPTAIN ERSKINE, WATCHED THEM WITH A WRY GRIN...



FOR THE LAST THREE BITTER MONTHS, 'B' COMPANY HAD DUG THEIR WAY ACROSS THE GLARING WASTES OF LIBYA.

CAN YOU PICTURE A SUPERMAN DIGGING-IN WITH THE MEN THERE, SERGEANT? STANDING-TO FOR SIX HOURS WITH A RIFLE AND A GROUND SHEET IN A PIT AS BIG AS A COFFIN?

THE WAY YOU TALK, SIR, YOU SOUND AS IF YOU'D GOT A PARTICULAR BLOKE IN MIND.



CAPTAIN ERSKINE NODDED THOUGHTFULLY. HE LOOKED AWAY ACROSS THE DESERT, SOUTH TOWARDS THE GREEN HEART OF AFRICA, REMEMBERING...

YES, SERGEANT—HIS NAME WAS QUARREL. HE WAS A WHITE HUNTER IN KENYA. I WENT ON SAFARI WITH HIM IN THIRTY-EIGHT. MY OATH, THERE WAS A SUPERMAN. BUT I WONDER WHAT QUARREL WOULD MAKE OF THE ARMY...OR, IF IT COMES TO THAT, WHAT THE ARMY WOULD MAKE OF QUARREL...



Chapter 1. The Hunter

ON THE DAY THAT CAPTAIN ERSKINE'S COMPANY WERE DIGGING THEIR PITS IN THE BURNING SAND AT HALFAYA, A TRUCK WAS BELTING TOWARDS NAIROBI THROUGH THE KENYA BUSH COUNTRY...



THE MAN WHO DROVE INTO NAIROBI THAT DAY WAS CALLED QUARREL. HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER, PROBABLY THE FINEST IN THE WHOLE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.



QUARREL TOOK HIS SIX FOOT FOUR OF IRON MUSCLE AND BRONZED FLESH INTO THE ARMY RECRUITING CENTRE AT NAIROBI THAT DAY...

I NOTICE YOU LIMP, MISTER QUARREL...

SO WOULD YOU, DOC, IF A LION SWIPED YOU ACROSS THE ACHILLES TENDON BEFORE YOU GOT ROUND TO PUTTING A SLUG IN ITS SKULL. IT HASN'T STOPPED ME TREKKING SIXTY MILES IN A DAY WHEN I WANTED TO...

THE RECRUITING OFFICER WAS A LITTLE MAN CALLED NIXON.

SO YOU'VE COME HERE TO JOIN THE ARMY, EH, MISTER QUARREL?

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE SELLING LICQUORICE, FRIEND. YES, I'VE COME TO JOIN THE ARMY...

IT WAS UNLUCKY FOR QUARREL THAT HIS FIRST APPROACH TO THE ARMY SHOULD HAVE BEEN THROUGH A SOUR LITTLE MAN LIKE NIXON...

WELL, THE BRITISH ARMY SETS AN EXACTING STANDARD. THIS MEDICAL REPORT SAYS THAT YOU HAVE A LIMP...

I'M NOT AIMING TO WALK BACKWARDS FOR THREE MONTHS WITH JERRY TREADING ON MY HEELS, LIKE YOUR CHAPS HAVE BEEN DOING UP NORTH. I'M AIMING TO STAND AND FIGHT. ANYWAY, YOU KNOW WHO I AM...

PERHAPS IT WAS UNLUCKY FOR THE ARMY, TOO, BECAUSE THE ARMY HAD GIVEN THIS SOUR LITTLE MAN A RUBBER STAMP...

YES, MISTER QUARREL, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. THEY SAY YOU'RE KING OF FORTY THOUSAND SQUARE MILES. BUT YOU HAVE A LIMP, SO I'M REJECTING YOU FOR THE ARMY—*LIKE THIS!*

THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN AN ARMY IS THE RUBBER STAMP. QUARREL LEARNED THAT IN THE NEXT TWO HEATED HOURS. IN THE END HE STORMED OUT...

YOU HEARD THE NEWS, FELLERS? THEY REJECTED QUARREL!

THIRD FRONTIER FORCE RIFLE RECRUITING CENTRE

GREAT SCOTT! IF I KNOW QUARREL, A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT WON'T STOP HIM GOING TO WAR!



The Big Game

QUARREL DROVE ALL NIGHT. HE GOT TO MOMBASA ON THE COAST AT DAWN. THERE WAS AN ALEXANDRIA-BOUND CONVOY IN THE HARBOUR. IT WAS DUE TO SAIL INSIDE THE HOUR...

BUT LOOK HERE, FRIEND, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN GET TO EGYPT...

NOT ON THIS SHIP, MISTER. WE'RE CARRYING WAR MATERIAL. WE CAN'T GIVE A PASSAGE TO ANY TOM, DICK, OR HARRY...

QUARREL HAD LEFT HIS TRUCK ALONG THE QUAY. HE WAS STALKING BACK TOWARDS IT WHEN IT BEGAN TO MOVE OFF...

HEY—WHAT THE BLAZES! COME BACK, WHOEVER YOU ARE—



THE TRUCK WAS FIVE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY AND WEAVING WHEN QUARREL DROPPED ON ONE KNEE AND LEVELLED HIS RIFLE...



IT WAS A DIFFICULT SHOT, BUT NOT FOR QUARREL. HE PUT HIS FIRST BULLET INTO THE OFFSIDE REAR TYRE AND THE TRUCK SLEWED SIDWAYS ACROSS THE GREASY COBBLES...

AAAH!



THE TRUCK ENDED UP ON ITS SIDE, WHEELS SPINNING. THE MAN WHO HAD DRIVEN IT AWAY WAS STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET WHEN QUARREL GRABBED HIM...

I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, MISTER, HONEST. IT'S JUST THAT I'VE GOT TO GET TO JINJA AND I'M BROKE. I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU LIKE, ONLY DON'T TURN ME IN...

GROW UP, FRIEND. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THAT I'D WANT?

WELL, THERE'S MY PAPERS. I'M A DECKHAND, SEE. THEY WERE SHIPPING ME TO THE M.D. ABOARD THE *LIMERICK*, BUT I'M BLOWED IF I WANT TO BE BOMBED OR TINFISHED. MY BROTHER'S FOREMAN ON A FARM AT JINJA. HE'D HIDE ME...

WELL, NOW... MAYBE WE COULD MAKE A DEAL AT THAT... MY TRUCK FOR YOUR PAPERS...

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER, QUARREL REPORTED ON BOARD THE *LIMERICK* AS ARTHUR ORTON, DECKHAND. THE SHIP WAS CASTING OFF, AND THE MATE WAS TOO BUSY TO SCRUTINISE HIS PAPERS...

ORTON, EH? YOU LEFT IT LATE! GET FORRARD WITH THE HAWSER PARTY THEN, AND LOOK SHARP ABOUT IT...

AYE AYE, SIR.



THE CONVOY STEAMED NORTH UP THE EAST AFRICAN COAST. FOUR DAYS LATER, IT WAS HEADING THROUGH THE RED SEA. QUARREL KEPT HIS HANDS BUSY AND HIS MOUTH SHUT. NO-ONE SUSPECTED HIM...



THEY HAD CLEARED SUEZ AND WERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, ONE DAY OUT FROM ALEXANDRIA, WHEN QUARREL GAVE HIMSELF AWAY. THE TROUBLE BEGAN WHEN AN ITALIAN S.79 BUZZED THE CONVOY...

AIRCRAFT, SIR—
LOOKS LIKE AN
EYTIE— BEARING
RED EIGHT
ZERO.

FULL AHEAD
BOTH!

MAN YOUR GUN, MEN!
GET THE BLIGHTER
QUICKLY!



THE LIMERICK WAS CARRYING ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND ARTILLERY PERSONNEL. QUARREL WATCHED THE CREW DISGUSTEDLY...



QUARREL WAS PROBABLY THE DEADLIEST SHOT IN CENTRAL AFRICA... AND HE HAD A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER'S DISTASTE FOR A BOTCHED JOB.



THE ARMY MAJOR ON THE BRIDGE HAD BEEN WATCHING THE S.79 DIVE TOWARDS THE LIMERICK. WHEN THE OERLIKON CUT OFF HE WHEELED AROUND, VELLING...

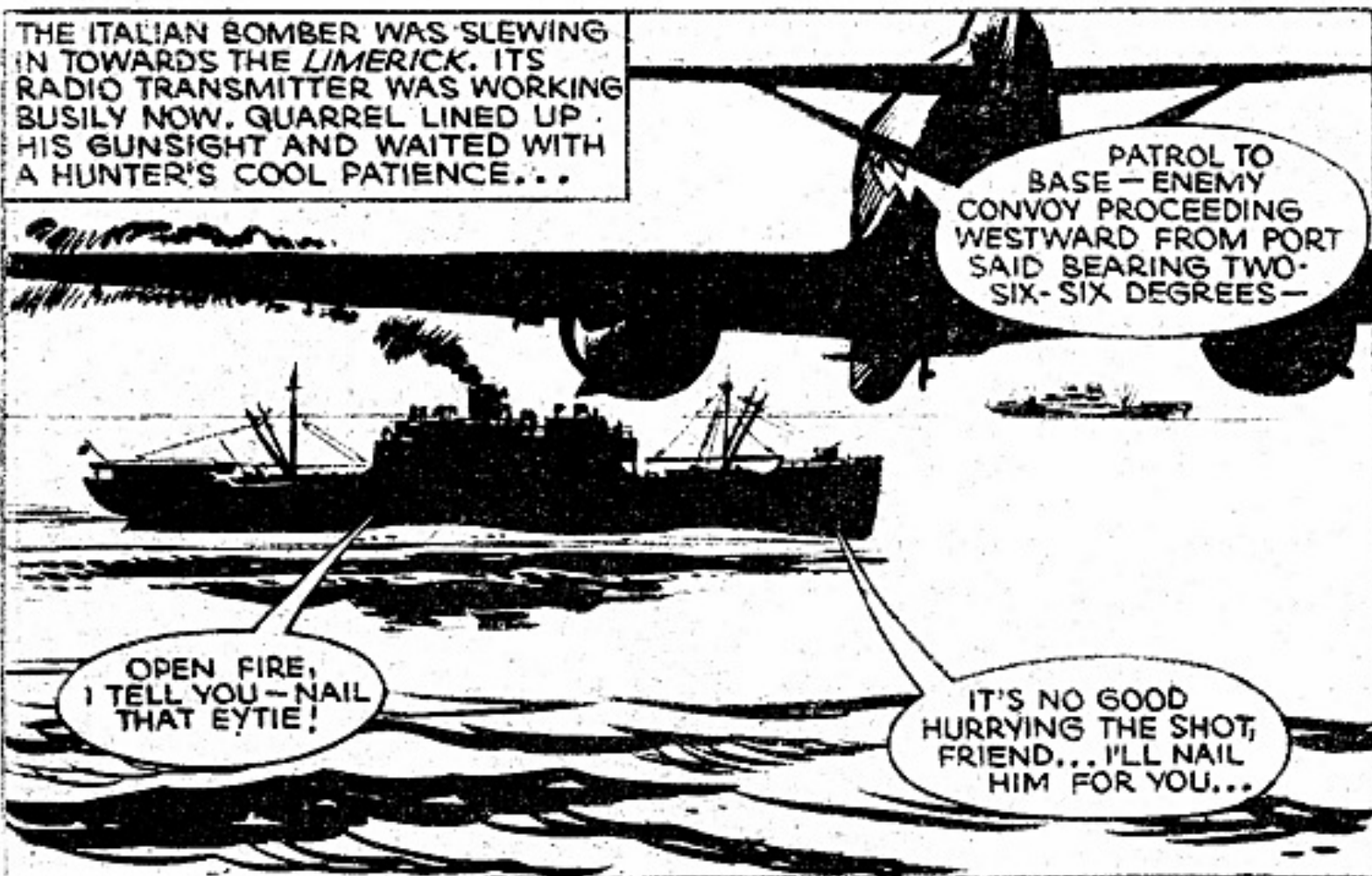
WHAT THE DEVIL'S
GOING ON DOWN THERE?
OPEN FIRE — OPEN
FIRE!

THAT'S WHAT
SPOILS MOST SHOTS
IMPATIENCE...



THE ITALIAN BOMBER WAS SLEWING
IN TOWARDS THE LIMERICK. ITS
RADIO TRANSMITTER WAS WORKING
BUSILY NOW. QUARREL LINED UP
HIS GUNSIGHT AND WAITED WITH
A HUNTER'S COOL PATIENCE...

PATROL TO
BASE — ENEMY
CONVOY PROCEEDING
WESTWARD FROM PORT
SAID BEARING TWO-
SIX-SIX DEGREES —



OPEN FIRE,
I TELL YOU — NAIL
THAT EYTIE!

IT'S NO GOOD
HURRYING THE SHOT,
FRIEND... I'LL NAIL
HIM FOR YOU...

QUARREL HELD HIS FIRE TILL THE BOMBER WAS BIG IN HIS SIGHTS AND VERY CLOSE. HE GAVE IT MINIMUM DEFLECTION AND PUT HIS FIRST SHORT BURST SQUARELY INTO THE PORT WING TANK...

NOW!



FLAMES SMOTHERED THE S.79. IT CARTWHEELED INTO THE SEA CLOSE ON THE LIMERICK'S PORT QUARTER. QUARREL DUSTED HIS HANDS...

SEE, FRIENDS? A COUPLE OF ROUNDS IS ALL YOU NEED. NO FUSS, NO WASTE. HERE... YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GUN BACK...



WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE MANIAC WHO DISOBEYED MY ORDERS-?

IT WAS QUARREL'S SECOND BRUSH WITH THE ARMY AND IT WAS EVEN MORE UNFORTUNATE THAN THE FIRST...

WHY THE PANIC, MAJOR?
I NAILED THAT EYTIE FOR
YOU, DIDN'T I?

YOU IDIOT! I WANTED THAT PLANE SHOT
DOWN AS SOON AS IT WAS SIGHTED TO
STOP IT RADIOING THE CONVOY'S POSITION
TO ITS BASE. IF WE'RE SMOTHERED IN
BOMBERS IN THE NEXT FEW HOURS,
I'LL HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE...



FIVE HOURS LATER, THE CONVOY WAS SMOTHERED IN BOMBERS. THEY WERE JUNKERS 88'S AND 87'S, ALERTED BY THE ITALIAN BOMBER'S RADIO SIGNAL. THREE SHIPS WERE BEACHED AND LOST...



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE LIMERICK, WHEN THE BOMBERS WERE FINALLY BEATEN OFF, A TIGHT-LIPPED MAJOR FACED THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN...

I'M AFRAID THERE'S BEEN A SLIP-UP SOMEWHERE, MAJOR. WE'VE STUDIED THIS MAN'S PAPERS. HE CAME ABOARD AT MOMBASA, BUT HE DOESN'T FIT THE DESCRIPTION OF ARTHUR ORTON, THE NAME HE'S USING...

I SEE, CAPTAIN. SO THE MATTERS EVEN MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT.

THEY HAD LOCKED UP QUARREL UNDER AN ARMED GUARD.

SO I MADE A MISTAKE. IS THAT ANY REASON TO TREAT ME LIKE A CRIMINAL?

YOU BOARDED THIS SHIP UNDER A FALSE NAME. YOU GAVE THAT ITALIAN BOMBER A CHANCE TO USE ITS RADIO AND THREE SHIPS HAVE BEEN LOST. MAYBE IT WASN'T A MISTAKE, AFTER ALL...

YOU MEAN — YOU THINK I DID IT DELIBERATELY?

ENEMY AGENTS ARE NOT UNKNOWN IN THESE PARTS. I'LL LEAVE THE MILITARY COURT OF ENQUIRY TO DECIDE WHETHER YOU'RE A SPY... OR JUST A BIG-HEADED FOOL...

Chapter 2. *Dead Secret*

CAPTAIN ERSKINE OF THE THIRD CUMBERLAND FOOT, ON LEAVE AFTER THE NIGHTMARE RETREAT, WAS ENJOYING A WELL-EARNED LEAVE IN CAIRO WHEN THE M.P.s TRACED HIM.

BUT DASH IT ALL, SERGEANT... WHY MUST THEY HAVE ME AT THIS COURT OF ENQUIRY?

THE PRISONER'S CITED YOU AS A WITNESS TO HIS IDENTITY, SIR. MAN CALLED QUARREL, SIR... SO HE SAYS,

BUTTONED INTO HIS UNIFORM, HOT AND SHORT-TEMPERED, CAPTAIN ERSKINE GAVE HIS EVIDENCE...

YES, SIR. THAT'S QUARREL. HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER IN NAIROBI WHEN I KNEW HIM.

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. WELL, MISTER QUARREL, SO IT APPEARS YOU ARE NOT AN ENEMY AGENT. THAT LEAVES US WITH THE OTHER ALTERNATIVE...

The Big Game

APART FROM YOUR LIMP, MISTER QUARREL, YOU EVIDENTLY SUFFER FROM A SWOLLEN HEAD. WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, MISTER QUARREL, THAT THE ARMY HAS NO NEED OF YOUR TALENTS, DAZZLING AS NO DOUBT THEY ARE... WE SHALL GET ALONG VERY MUCH BETTER WITHOUT YOU...



CAPTAIN ERSKINE REMEMBERED HIS CONVERSATION WITH THE SERGEANT AT HALFAYA. HE GRINNED. SO THIS WAS WHAT THE ARMY HAD MADE OF THE SUPERMAN.

SILENCE, MAN. YOU WILL RETURN TO MOMBASA BY THE FIRST SHIP, WITH A LETTER OF CLEARANCE. CAPTAIN ERSKINE WILL CONDUCT YOU ABOARD.

BUT, COLONEL-



SIX HOURS LATER, THE TWO MEN REACHED PORT SAID. THE CAPTAIN WAS STILL IRRITATED AT MISSING A DAY OF HIS LEAVE...

LOOK, ERSKINE, YOU KNOW ME. YOU KNOW I COULD BE DARNED USEFUL TO THE ARMY...

ALL I KNOW IS THAT YOU'VE MADE A BALLY NUISANCE OF YOURSELF, QUARREL.



BESIDES, CAPTAIN ERSKINE WAS VERY MUCH A PUKKA ARMY MAN...

I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE ARMY SOMEHOW... AND YOU COULD HELP ME...

I COULD, QUARREL, YES, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO. I, TOO, AGREE THAT THE ARMY WILL GET ON BETTER WITHOUT SUPERMEN LIKE YOU IN ITS RANKS.

THE SHIP THEY HAD PUT QUARREL ABOARD WAS A FAST COASTER, THE ANTELOPE. SHE WAS SAILING INDEPENDENTLY IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS TIME. THE MATE WAS SYMPATHETIC...

ALL THE ARMY WANTS IS BLOKES WHO SAY YES, S/R, NO, S/R WHEN THEY'RE TOLD TO. LOOK, IF YOU WANT TO NIP ASHORE TONIGHT FOR AN HOUR OR TWO, IT'S OKAY BY ME...

THANKS, FRIEND... MAYBE I WILL AT THAT...

QUARREL WENT ASHORE AFTER DARK. HE WANTED TO FORGET, BUT HIS MIND WAS TOO FULL.

JUST ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES FROM THE BATTLEFRONT, AND I CAN'T GET A LOOK IN. I WISH I COULD SHOW THOSE ARMY STIFFNECKS WHAT THEY'RE MISSING...



THEN QUARREL GOT THE UNEXPECTED BREAK. THERE WAS A MAN SITTING NEAR HIM, AN ENGLISHMAN BY THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE...

IF THE EFFENDI PLEASES...
A GENTLEMAN ASKS FOR HIM
AT THE DOOR. HE WEARS THE
OFFICER'S UNIFORM...

RIGHT-HO,
HASHIM... I'LL
SEE WHAT HE
WANTS.

BE CAREFUL,
MY FRIEND.

AS THE MAN PASSED QUARREL'S TABLE, A
COUPLE OF ARABS MOVED OUT OF THE
SHADOWS TO FOLLOW HIM. ONE OF THEM
PUT A HAND TO A KNIFE AT HIS BELT...

COME...

ESRAH... I
AM READY...

QUARREL KEPT HIS EYES
ON THE ARABS AND GOT
TO HIS FEET...



BUT WHEN QUARREL REACHED THE STREET IT
WAS TOO LATE, THE ARABS HAD DONE
THEIR WORK. THE ENGLISHMAN LAY DYING...

THE WORDS WERE GARBLED AND
FAINT, BUT QUARREL HEARD THEM
CLEARLY...

TELL THEM —
A MESSAGE —
TELL THEM —

OKAY, FRIEND...
I'M LISTENING...



ROMMEL...
AT EL
SHATTRA...
SIX DAYS TIME...
CONFERENCE...
TELL H.Q. ...



QUARREL WAS STILL BENDING OVER THE DEAD MAN WHEN THE HEADLIGHTS GLARED AROUND THE CORNER OF THE STREET...



IT WAS A BRITISH ARMY TRUCK. THERE WAS A PROVOST MARSHAL WITH THE SOLDIERS AND THEY WERE ARMED. QUARREL ACTED ON HIS INSTINCT...

THERE'S ONE OF THEM, SIR... HE'S RUNNING FOR IT!

WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM IN THIS RABBIT WARREN...



AS QUARREL WATCHED THE SOLDIERS FROM A DOORWAY, THE DYING MAN'S MESSAGE BEGAN TO MEAN SOMETHING TO HIM...

IT'S THAT INTELLIGENCE CHAP, ALL RIGHT, SIR...CHANDLER...THE ONE WHO CONTACTED H.Q. AN HOUR AGO.

YES... HE SAID HE'D HAVE A VITAL PIECE OF INFORMATION FOR US...

SO THAT'S IT... THEY KILLED THE AGENT TO STOP HIM PASSING ON THE INFORMATION. BUT HE PASSED IT ON... TO ME. ROMMEL'S GOING TO A PLACE CALLED EL SHATTRA IN SIX DAYS TIME FOR A CONFERENCE. IT'S A CHANCE FOR THE ARMY TO KILL OR CAPTURE HIM... IF I GIVE THE ARMY THE MESSAGE. AND IF I DON'T... IT'S A CHANCE FOR ME...

QUARREL DID NOT CALL TO THE ARMY MEN. HE JUST WATCHED THEM GO. HE WAS GOING TO TAKE THAT CHANCE.

WHY NOT? THE ARMY WOULD ONLY BOTCH THE JOB, ANYWAY. A MAN ON HIS OWN WOULD STAND A DARNED SIGHT BETTER CHANCE. THIS SHOULD PROVE TO THOSE STIFFNECKS THAT THE ARMY CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT ME...

THE ANTELOPE WAS DUE TO SAIL AT DUSK THE NEXT DAY. QUARREL SLIPPED ASHORE AGAIN SOON AFTER DAWN.

HERE IT IS... EL SHATTRA... SOUTH OF THE QATTARA DEPRESSION. JUST AN OASIS AND A FORT. FOUR DAYS BY TRUCK FROM CAIRO. I'VE HANDLED TOUGHER JOBS IN KENYA...



AFTER BUYING THE MAP IN THE ARAB BAZAAR, QUARREL FOUND A GUNSMITH. THE MAN WAS SUSPICIOUS AT FIRST. A FISTFUL OF NOTES CURED THAT...

QUARREL SIGHTED THE RIFLE, CRADLING THE STOCK TO HIS SHOULDER...

'OKAY... THIS WILL DO! I'LL WANT CLIPS, TOO. AND MAYBE YOU COULD HELP ME GET THE REST OF THE GEAR I NEED...

RELY ON MY DISCRETION, EFFENDI. YOU INTEND TO HUNT BIG GAME?



THEY DON'T COME ANY BIGGER, FRIEND...



Chapter 3. *Safari*

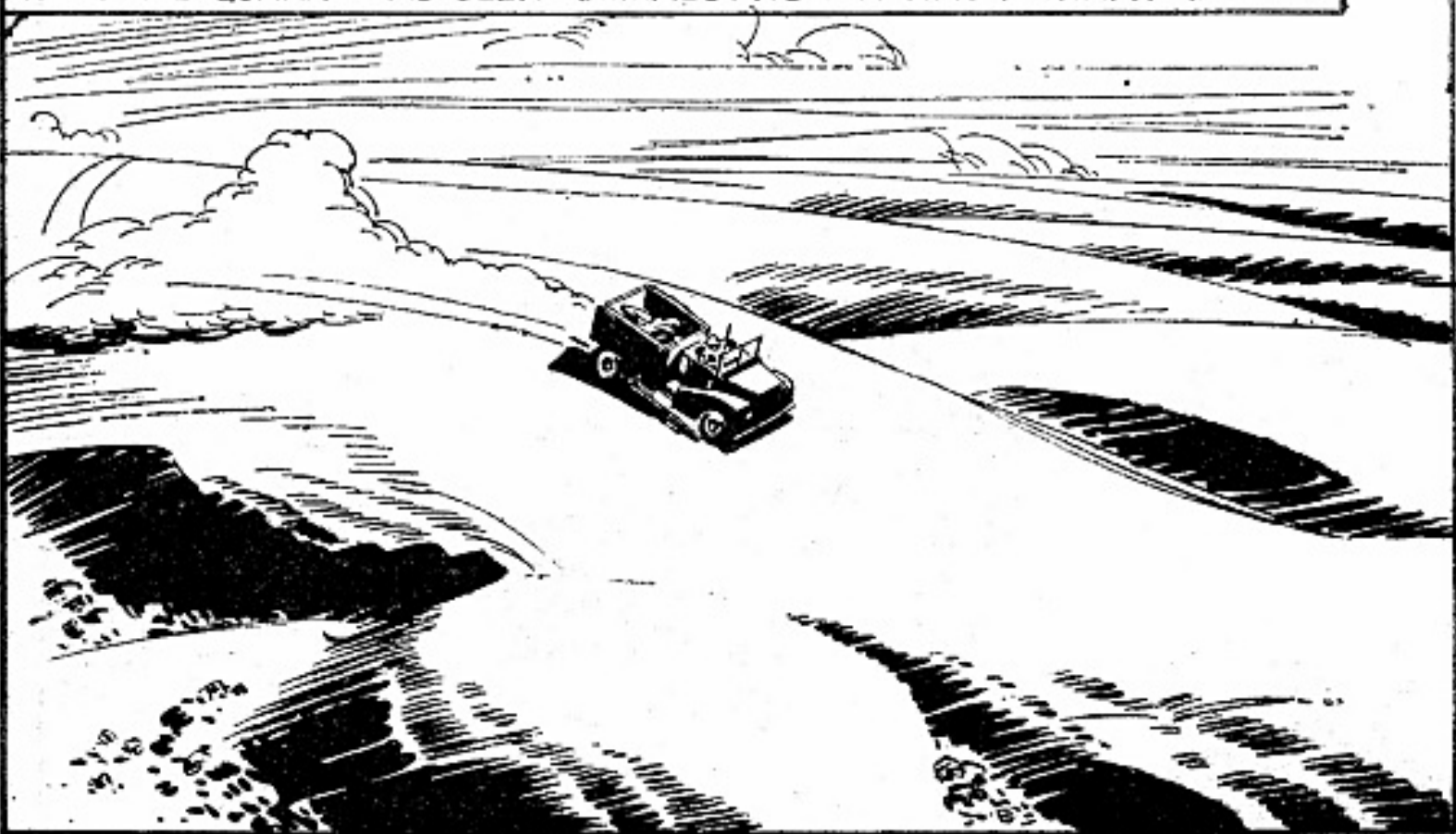
THAT NIGHT, A LIGHT TRUCK LEFT CAIRO, HEADING SOUTH. AT THE HUNDRED KILOMETRE MARK, IT TURNED OFF THE ROAD ON TO THE HARD-PACKED SAND OF THE DESERT...



THE TRUCK WAS ARMY SURPLUS, PILFERED FROM A SCRAP DUMP AT SUEZ BY THE ARABS AND RECONDITIONED. IT HAD COST QUARREL A SMALL FORTUNE, BUT IT ATTRACTED NO ATTENTION AND IT WAS BUILT FOR THE JOB...

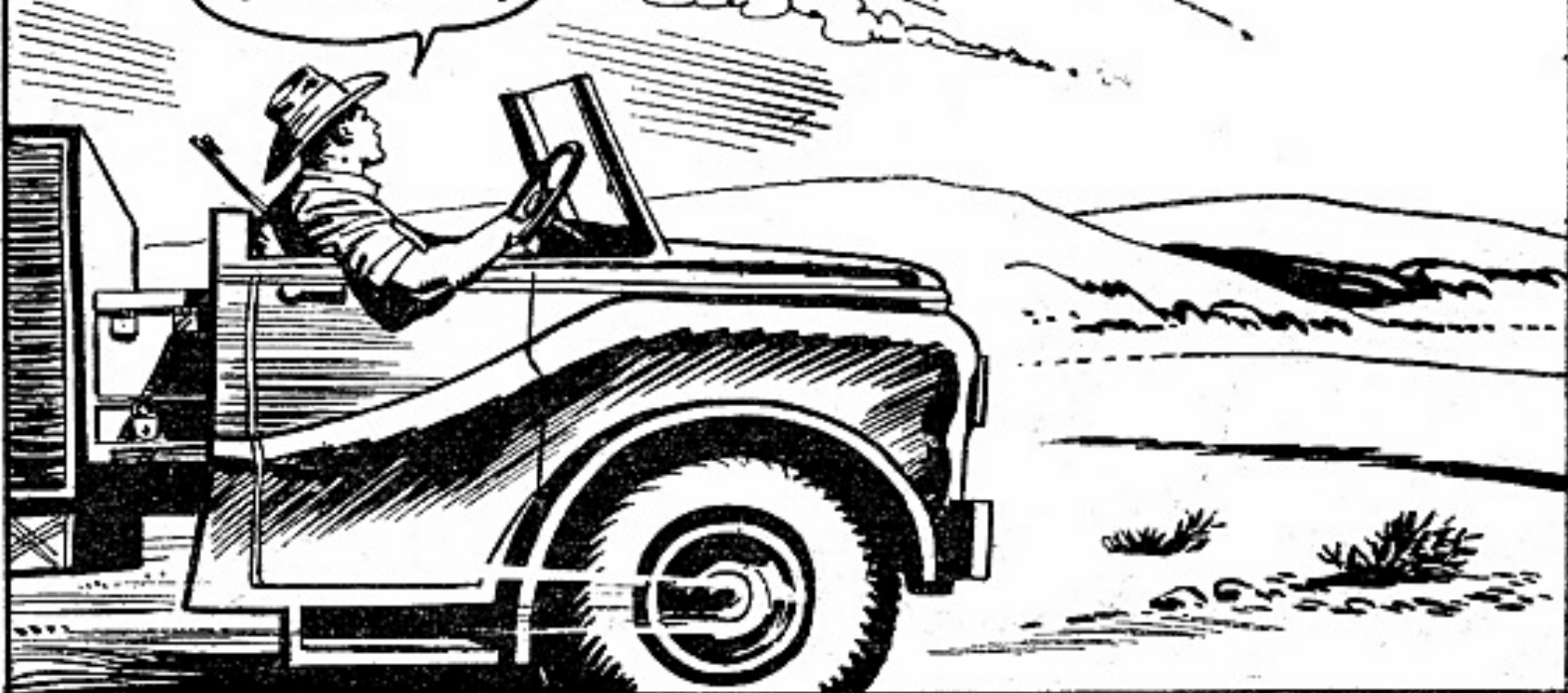


THE JOB WAS A TOUGH ONE, BUT FOR QUARREL IT WAS ALMOST ROUTINE. HE HAD OFTEN HUNTED ALONE UP INTO THE KALAHARI DESERT. ONLY THEN THE QUARRY HAD BEEN ANIMALS. NOW IT WAS A MAN...

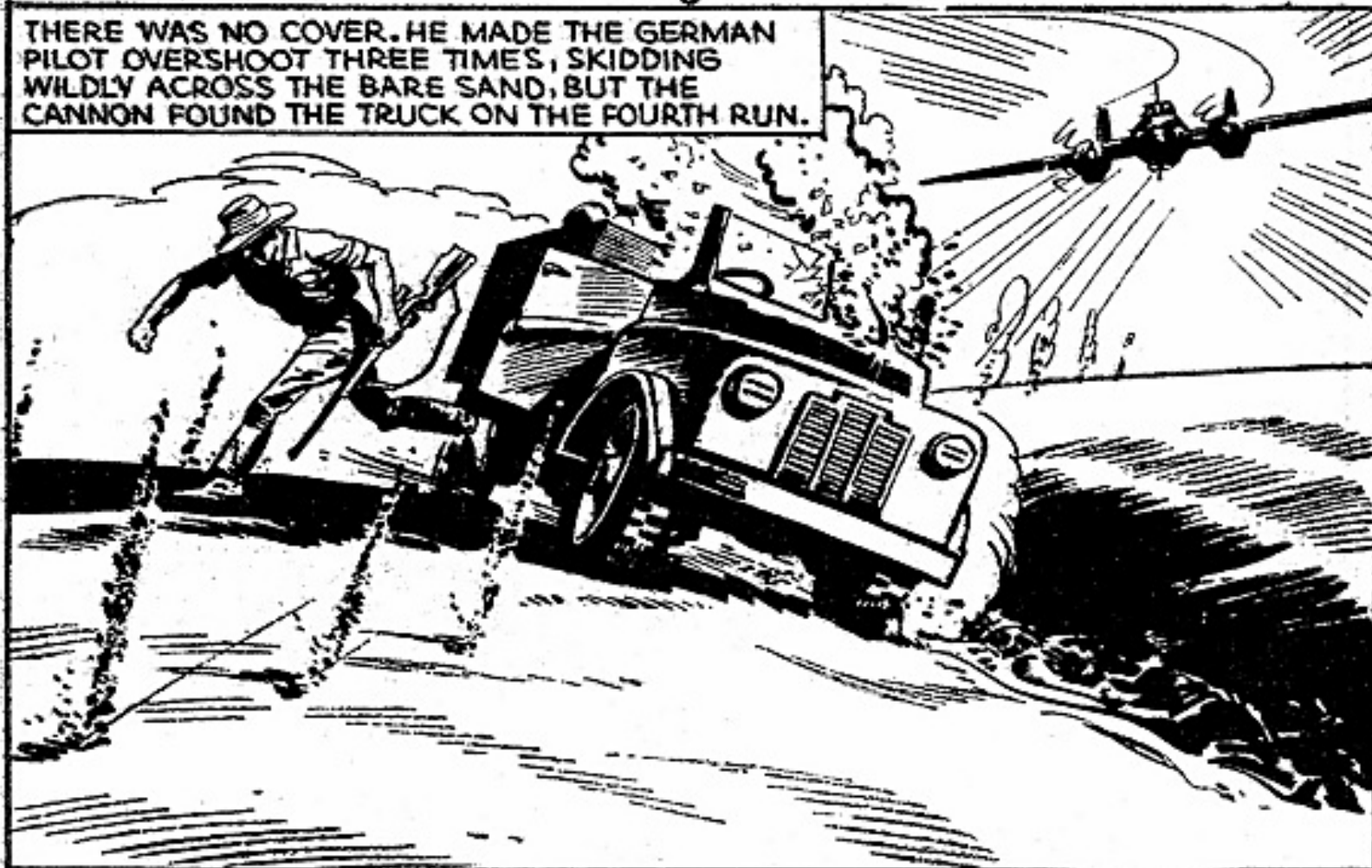


FOR THREE DAYS, QUARREL DROVE SOUTH-WEST INTO THE DESERT TOWARDS EL SHATTRA. AT DAWN ON THE FOURTH DAY, HIS LUCK DESERTED HIM...

BLAZES! A JERRY PLANE!



THERE WAS NO COVER. HE MADE THE GERMAN PILOT OVERSHOOT THREE TIMES, SKIDDING WILDLY ACROSS THE BARE SAND, BUT THE CANNON FOUND THE TRUCK ON THE FOURTH RUN.

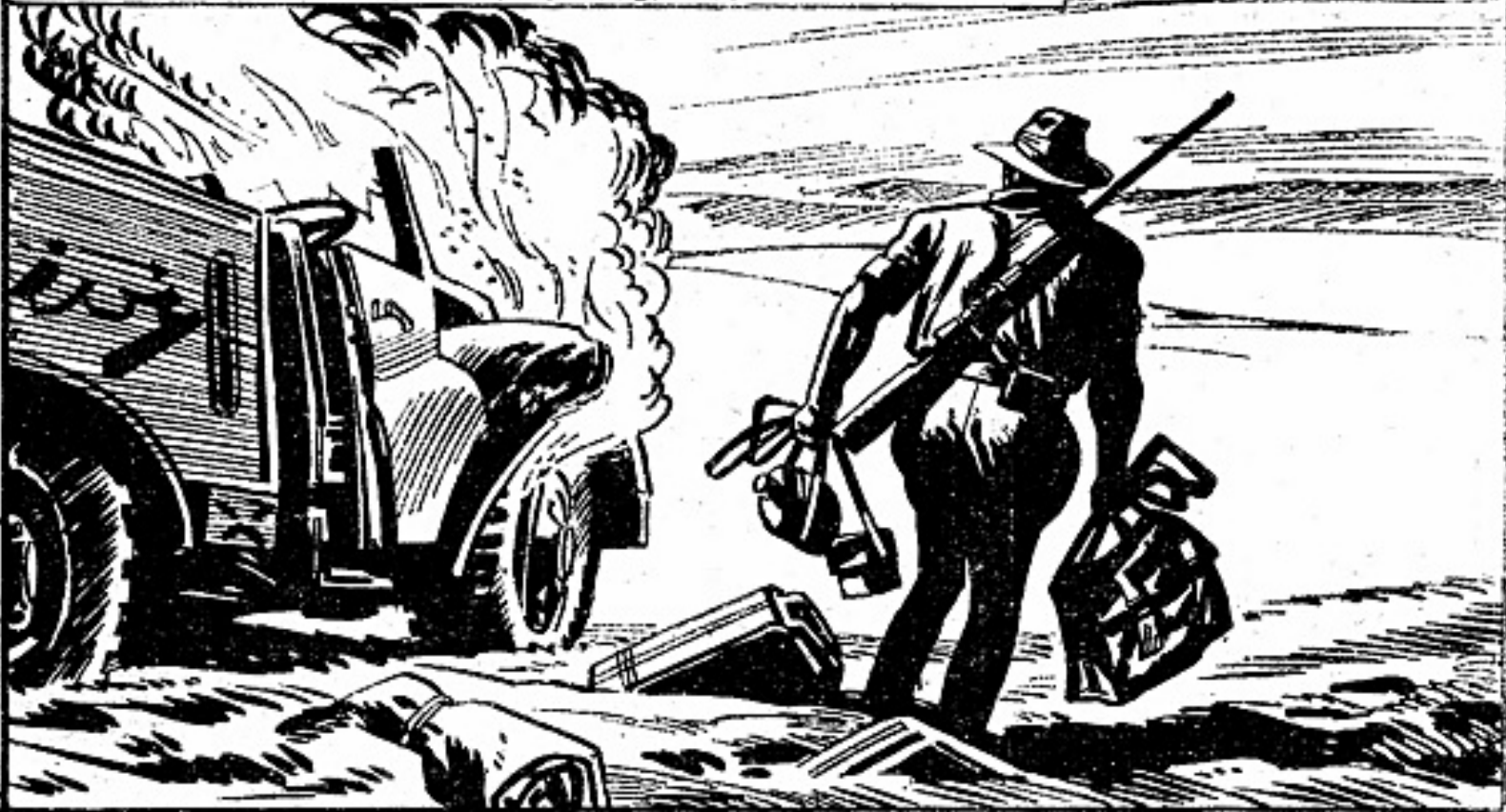


QUARREL PUT THREE SHELLS INTO THE MESSERSCHMITT AS IT HALF-ROLLED AWAY. HE MUST HAVE HIT THE GLYCOL TANK BECAUSE IT WAS DRIBBLING WHITE SMOKE WHEN HE LAST SAW IT...

LET'S HOPE YOU HAVE
TO WALK IT TOO,
JERRY!



THE TRUCK WAS BLAZING FIERCELY WHEN QUARREL LEFT IT. HE HAD SALVAGED THE WATER BOTTLES, SOME LIGHT PROVISIONS, A COMPASS AND HIS AMMO CLIPS. HE TURNED GRIMLY SOUTH-WEST AGAIN.



FOR TWO NIGHTS QUARREL WALKED, RESTING UP IN THE BURNING NOON. IT WAS AN ORDEAL, BUT HE HAD SUFFERED WORSE. HE WAS AS TOUGH AND PROUD AND STUBBORN AS THE ANIMALS HE HAD SPENT A LIFETIME HUNTING.

OKAY, STIFFNECKS...
SO I LIMP! BUT I LIMP
A DARN SIGHT BETTER
THAN MOST OF YOUR
MEN WALK...



BUT AT DAWN AFTER THE THIRD NIGHT, EVEN QUARREL'S MASSIVE SELF-CONFIDENCE BEGAN TO WEAR THIN.

THIS IS THE
SIXTH DAY!
ROMMEL'S DUE AT
EL SHATTRA AND
I'VE STILL GOT
THIRTY MILES
TO GO.



QUARREL HAD SUNK DOWN IN THE SPARSE SHADE OF A ROCK SCREE. THE SUN WAS HIGH AND GRILLING HIM WHEN HE HEARD ENGINES.

MY OATH! IT CAN'T BE... BUT THE TRACK TO EL SHATTRA COULD LEAD PAST HERE... AND A GENERAL'S ESCORT COULD MAKE THAT SORT OF DUST. I'M DUE FOR A BREAK...



QUARREL HAD GOT HIS BREAK. THEY WERE GERMAN ARMoured CARS MAKING THAT DUST. THERE WAS AN OPEN STAFF CAR AMONG THEM AND IN IT SAT A FIGURE IN A HIGH-PEAKED OFFICER'S CAP...



IT WOULD BE A LONG-RANGE SHOT AND THERE WOULD BE TIME FOR ONLY ONE BULLET. HE LINED UP THE TELESCOPIC SIGHTS ON THE FIGURE IN THE STAFF CAR...

WELL...THIS IS WHAT I CAME OUT HERE TO DO. I'LL NEVER GET A BETTER CHANCE...

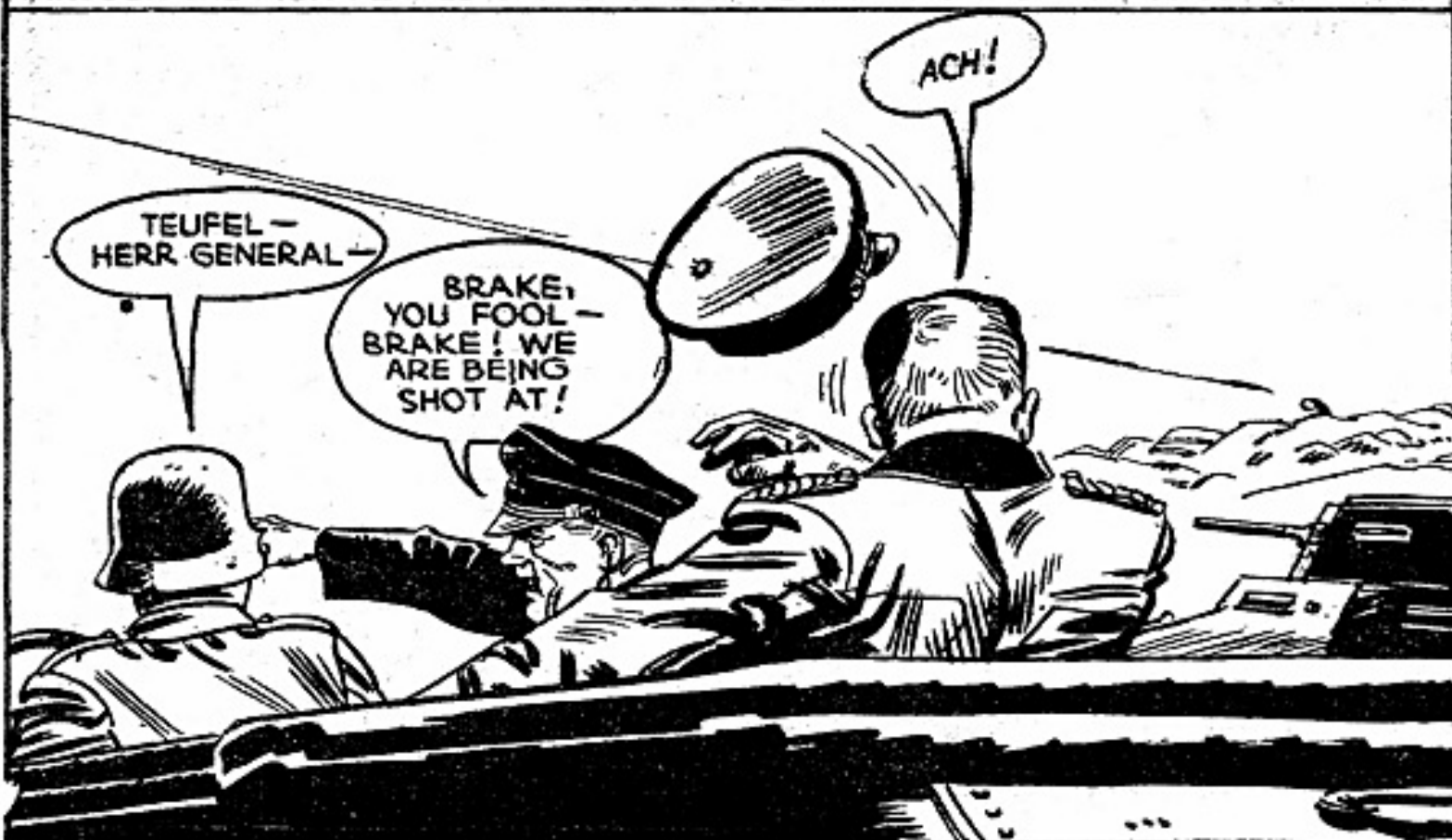


IT WAS A GOOD SHOT. THE BULLET WAS ONLY AN INCH TOO HIGH. IT DRILLED A HOLE THROUGH THE HIGH-PEAKED CAP OF THE OFFICER IN THE BACK OF THE STAFF CAR...


ACH!

TEUFEL —
HERR GENERAL —

BRAKE,
YOU FOOL —
BRAKE! WE
ARE BEING
SHOT AT!



THE MAN WHO JUMPED FROM THE STAFF CAR WAS AN S.S. COLONEL. THE ARMOURD CARS OF THE ESCORT WERE ALREADY HALTING AND TURNING...



KEEP DOWN, HERR GENERAL! SCHNEIDER, FORM LEAGUER WITH YOUR TROOP AND GUARD THE GENERAL! BAYER AND ESSEN, I WILL USE YOUR CARS...

QUARREL HAD KEPT HIS SIGHTS ON THE STAFF CAR, BUT THERE WAS TOO MUCH DUST FOR HIM TO SEE THE RESULT OF HIS SHOT. HE STOOD UP STIFFLY IN THE HARSH SUNLIGHT...



WELL... MAYBE IT WAS ROMMEL AND I GOT HIM... MAYBE IT WASN'T AND I DIDN'T! BUT ONE THING'S CERTAIN... THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME NOW.

QUARREL RAN. HE KNEW FROM THE START THAT IT WAS HOPELESS, THAT THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM AND THE COVER WAS TOO THIN, BUT HE RAN...

I'M HANGED IF I'M GOING TO MAKE IT EASY FOR THE SQUAREHEADS!



THERE WERE EIGHT ARMoured CARS AND THEY FANNED OUT ACROSS THE RIDGE, REVVING SAVAGELY IN THE LOOSE SAND.


SPREAD OUT YOUR TROOP, BAYER — NO SHOOTING — I WANT THESE MEN FOR QUESTIONING.

VERY GOOD, HERR OBERST!



BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN. HE WAS KNEELING IN THE COVER OF THE HIGH ROCKS, PANTING. IT WAS THE INDIGNITY, NOT THE DANGER, WHICH ANGERED HIM...

SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE HUNTED... WITH THE BEATERS CLOSING IN... AND TOO MANY OF THE DEVILS TO GET YOUR TEETH INTO?



WHEN QUARREL BROKE COVER AND RAN AGAIN, THE GERMANS WERE NEAR ENOUGH TO SPOT HIM AGAINST THE HOT GLARE OF THE SAND...



ACHTUNG!
THERE IS ONE
OF THEM!

CLOSE IN, ESSEN—
TRAP HIM!

The Big Game

QUARREL DROPPED ON ONE KNEE AND FIRED AT THE NEAREST ARMoured CAR AS IT TOPPED THE RIDGE. HE HAD NO HOPE OF STOPPING IT. HE WAS JUST RELIEVING HIS FEELINGS...



THE BULLET SLAMMED AGAINST THE STEEL RIM OF THE TURRET BESIDE THE S.S. COLONEL'S HEAD. THE COLONEL GRINNED. IT WAS A VICIOUS GRIN...

GET THIS MAN! I REPEAT, DO NOT SHOOT... I WANT THIS MAN... ALIVE!



THE ARMoured CARS CLOSED IN. THEY WERE ALL AROUND QUARREL NOW. HE WAS CORNERED BETWEEN THE HIGH ROCKS AND THERE WAS NO WAY OUT...



QUARREL HAD TAKEN ON THE GERMAN ARMY SINGLEHANDED AND LOST. HE LOWERED HIS RIFLE, BUT HE DID NOT LOWER HIS HEAD...



THE S.S. COLONEL'S
VOICE GOT UNDER
QUARREL'S SKIN...

SO, ENGLISH
PIG... YOU WEAR
NO UNIFORM. YOU
ARE NOT EVEN A
SOLDIER!

SO WHAT, JERRY?
DO I HAVE TO BE A
SOLDIER TO FIGHT? YOU ARMY
MEN ARE ALL THE SAME. BUT
I HAD A GO AT YOUR PRECIOUS
ROMMEL AND THAT'S MORE
THAN THE WHOLE BRITISH
ARMY COULD DO.

THE GERMANS AROUND QUARREL FELL
BACK AS A GENERAL SHOULDERS
HIS WAY ON TO THE SCENE. HE HAD A
BULLET-HOLE IN THE FRONT OF HIS CAP.

ROMMEL? ACH... SO...
THIS IS WHAT YOU PLANNED,
IS IT, ENGLANDER... YOU AND
YOUR COMRADES? THEN YOU
ARE FOOLS, AS WELL AS
SABOTEURS...

WHAT
IS GOING ON,
HERR OBERST?



QUARREL STARED
AT THE GENERAL.

SO YOU
WERE THE
OFFICER IN THAT
STAFF CAR...BUT
YOU'RE NOT
ROMMEL!

I AM MAJOR
GENERAL VON
KREEPE, THE
HERR GENERAL'S
CHIEF OF
INTELLIGENCE...

GENERAL ROMMEL
INTENDED TO VISIT EL
SHATTRA. UNLUCKILY
FOR YOU, HE WAS
RECALLED TO BERLIN
TWO DAYS AGO. MAJOR
GENERAL VON KREEPE
HAS TAKEN HIS
PLACE...



QUARREL HAD TRIED TO DO WITHOUT THE ARMY, TO GO IT ALONE. HE HAD FAILED...

ALL RIGHT, COLONEL... YOU WIN... I'M A
FOOL! BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING. YOU
TALKED ABOUT MY COMRADES. I HAVEN'T
GOT ANY. THAT'S WHY I WAS A FOOL.
I CAME ALONE...

SO? WE
SHALL SEE...



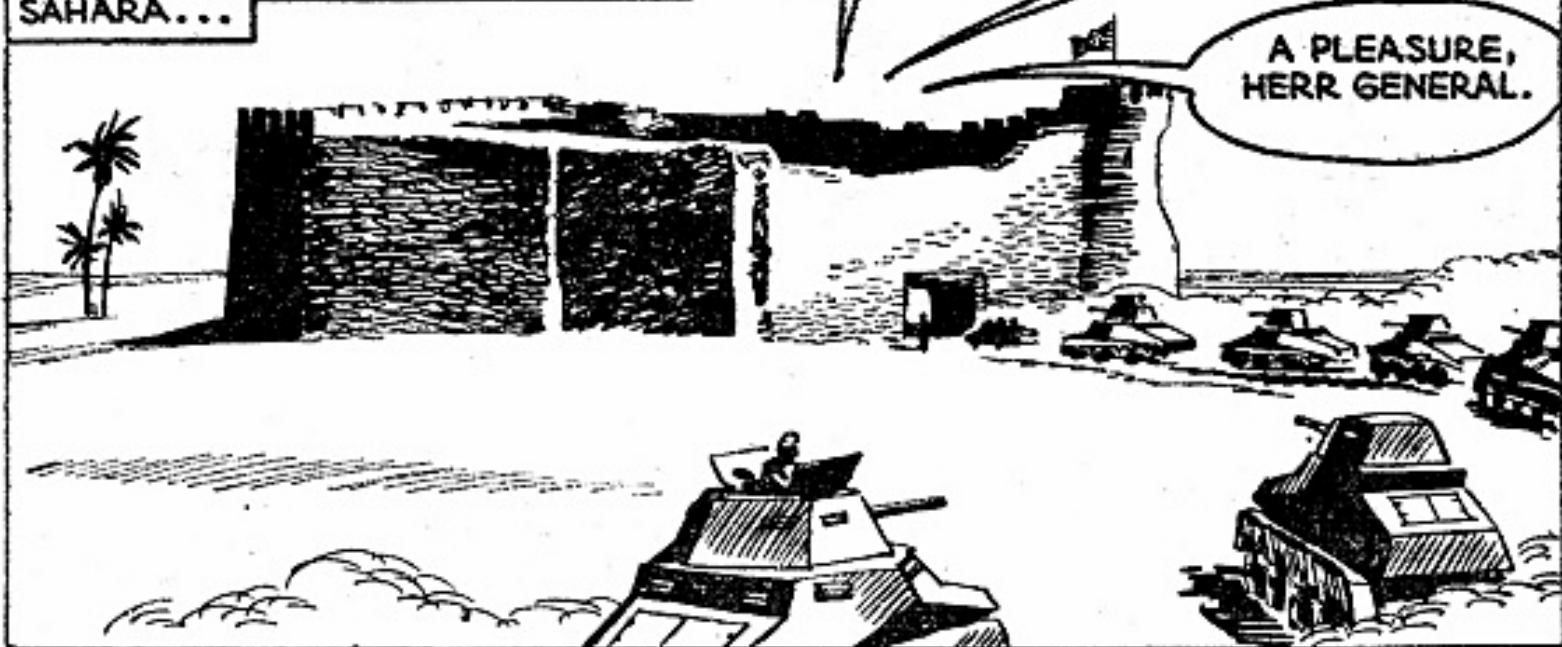
Chapter 4. *Trap!*

SO QUARREL GOT TO EL SHATTRA. AT LAST, A PRISONER, THE GERMANS HAD PUT AN ADVANCE GUARD INTO THE HALF-RUINED FORT, A RELIC OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION'S BATTLES ON THE EDGE OF THE SAHARA...

THE EGYPTIANS HAVE ARRIVED, HERR GENERAL. ALL IS READY FOR YOUR CONFERENCE.

GOOD! HERR OBERST BALKE, YOU WILL DEAL WITH THE PRISONER.

A PLEASURE, HERR GENERAL.



THEY PRODDED QUARREL TOWARDS A STONE-WALLED BLOCKHOUSE...

SO... AN ENGLANDER, HERR OBERST! ARE THERE ANY MORE OUT THERE?

THAT IS WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT. MEANWHILE, YOU WILL DOUBLE YOUR LOOKOUTS. THIS IS IMPORTANT BUSINESS THE HERR GENERAL CONDUCTS...



THEY STRAPPED QUARREL IN A CHAIR TO QUESTION HIM...

THE TRUTH, ENGLISHMAN...HOW MANY WERE THERE IN YOUR PARTY? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

I'VE TOLD YOU, SQUAREHEAD... I WAS ALONE...

YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT THIS MISSION ALONE?

ALL RIGHT, SO IT WAS A JOB FOR AN ARMY TEAM. I KNOW THAT NOW. BUT I WAS BIG-HEADED. I TRIED TO GO IT ALONE...


THEY DRAGGED QUARREL OUT OF THE BLOCKHOUSE. THERE WERE THREE EGYPTIANS ON THE GUN PARAPET WITH GENERAL VON KREEPE...

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, HOW WE GERMANS DEAL WITH THESE BRAGGART ENGLANDERS?

WE SEE, EFFENDI. BUT THERE ARE MANY OF YOU, AND ONLY ONE ENGLISHMAN. THIS IS NOT EVIDENCE THAT THE GERMANS WILL SWEEP THE BRITISH FROM OUR COUNTRY...


QUARREL, ALTHOUGH DAZED, HAD ENOUGH CURIOSITY LEFT TO STARE AT THE THREE EGYPTIANS...

THE HERR GENERAL MEETS THESE EGYPTIANS, LEADERS OF THEIR PEOPLE, TO PERSUADE THEM THAT THE BRITISH ARMY IS AS GOOD AS BEATEN.



SO, WHEN YOU ATTACK THE FRONTIER, THE EGYPTIANS WILL RISE IN OUR REAR — TO SABOTAGE...

THEY TOOK QUARREL TO A KEEP IN THE CORNER OF THE FORT. THERE WAS A COFFIN-SHAPED CELL THERE.



WELL... THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW! THE ARMY WILL HAVE TO SORT IT OUT FOR THEMSELVES...

GENERAL VON KREEPE CROSSED THE YARD TO JOIN THE S.S. COLONEL. AS HE LEFT THE KEEP...

YOU HAVE QUESTIONED THE PRISONER, BALKE?

JA, HERR GENERAL. I AM SATISFIED NOW THAT HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH. WE FOUND IN HIS WALLET THIS LETTER. IT IS FROM BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN CAIRO...

S.S. COLONEL BALKE SMILED SHREWDLY AT THE THREE EGYPTIANS...

ACH, SO...

IT SEEMS THIS QUARREL WAS TRYING TO PROVE THAT HE COULD BE USEFUL TO THE BRITISH ARMY, HERR GENERAL. NOW THIS LETTER GIVES US A SPLENDID CHANCE TO IMPRESS OUR EGYPTIAN FRIENDS. LET ME EXPLAIN...



AN HOUR LATER, A GERMAN SHORT-WAVE RADIO TRANSMITTER HAD BEEN BEAMED TO CAIRO...



TO G.H.Q. CAIRO... FROM QUARREL. INSTEAD OF JOINING ANTELOPE, I AM NOW AT EL SHATTRA. HAVE OVERCOME GERMAN ADVANCE PARTY AND AM USING THEIR TRANSMITTER. ROMMEL, REPEAT ROMMEL, IS DUE HERE IN THREE DAYS TIME WITH SMALL ESCORT. SUGGEST ARMED FORCE IS SENT...



THE TWO GERMANS GRINNED AT EACH OTHER...

IT IS GOOD, BALKE.



PERHAPS WE SHALL CATCH A UNIT OF THE LONG-RANGE DESERT GROUP. IT WILL PROVIDE AN INTERESTING SPECTACLE FOR OUR EGYPTIAN FRIENDS, NEIN?



MEANWHILE, THE MAN WHOSE NAME THE GERMANS HAD USED WAS CROUCHING LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL IN THE COFFIN OF A CELL...

HOW LONG ARE THEY GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE? WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT ME AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

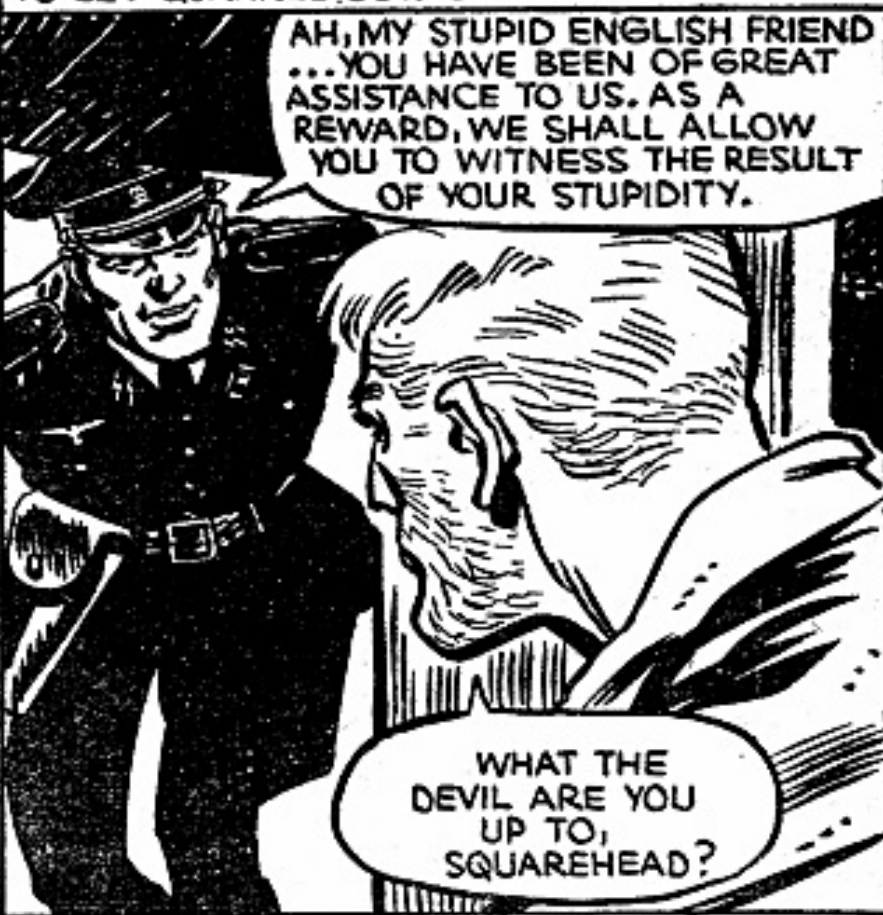


THEY HAD TAKEN QUARREL'S WATCH AWAY. HE HAD LOST ACCOUNT OF TIME...

THEY'RE COOKING SOMETHING UP, THE DEVILS! BUT, MY OATH... IF THEY THINK THEY CAN BREAK ME, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING...



THEN S.S. COLONEL BALKE CAME PERSONALLY TO LET QUARREL OUT...



AH, MY STUPID ENGLISH FRIEND... YOU HAVE BEEN OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO US. AS A REWARD, WE SHALL ALLOW YOU TO WITNESS THE RESULT OF YOUR STUPIDITY.

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU UP TO, SQUAREHEAD?

THE HARSH SUNLIGHT BLINDED QUARREL AT FIRST. THEN HE SAW THE GERMAN TROOPS MANNING THE WALLS OF THE FORT...

WE SENT A SIGNAL IN YOUR NAME TO CAIRO, PIG OF AN ENGLISHMAN. IT ASKED FOR AN ARMED FORCE TO BE SENT TO EL SHATTRA FOR A CERTAIN PURPOSE...



I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND—

SUDDENLY, QUARREL FELT COLD DESPITE THE FIERCE HEAT...

BUT IT IS SIMPLE, HERR QUARREL. A BRITISH FORCE IS NOW APPROACHING. THEY THINK YOU ARE HERE ALONE. OUR HIDDEN GUNS WILL TEAR THEM APART... AND THESE EGYPTIANS WILL SEE HOW WE DEAL WITH THE STUPID ENGLISH...

NO—I DON'T BELIEVE YOU—



THE S.S. COLONEL PUSHED QUARREL TOWARDS AN EMBRASURE IN THE WALL. QUARREL LOOKED OUT OVER THE DESERT AND HE CHOKED IN HORROR...

LOOK THEN, PIG—LOOK!

NO—IT CAN'T BE—



A CLOUD OF DUST WAS MOVING ACROSS THE OPEN DESERT TOWARDS THE HIDDEN GUNS OF SHATTRA. THEY WERE TRUCKS MAKING THE DUST. BRITISH TRUCKS.



GENERAL VON KREEPE WAS GIVING CURT ORDERS, ORDERS THAT MEANT DEATH TO MANY OF QUARREL'S COUNTRYMEN.

WAIT UNTIL I GIVE THE ORDER TO FIRE. I WISH THIS BRITISH FORCE TO BE WIPED OUT TO THE LAST MAN.



QUARREL'S BODY WENT LIMP SUDDENLY. HE CRINGED. HE FELL ON HIS KNEES AND HIS VOICE WAS HIGH AND WHIMPERING...



TEUFEL!
THE PIG
BREAKS!

NO — YOU
CAN'T TAKE ME
BACK TO THAT CELL —
YOU CAN'T —

THE THREE EGYPTIANS LOOKED DOWN, FROWNING, AT THE SQUIRMING BODY OF THE BIG ENGLISHMAN...



PROTECT ME —
PLEASE PROTECT
ME! I CAN'T BEAR
IT ANY MORE!

SEE, GENTLEMEN... THIS IS A
PROUD ENGLISHMAN... THIS IS ONE
OF THE MEN WHO WOULD SET HIMSELF
AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE
THIRD REICH.

TRULY...
OUR EYES
ARE
OPENED.

THE SPANDAU CREW WERE GUFFAWING AS QUARREL INCHED DESPERATELY AWAY FROM THE STEPS WHICH LED TO THE YARD AND THAT COFFIN OF A CELL...

QUARREL'S ABJECT SCRABBLING HAD BROUGHT HIM TO THE BOOTED FEET OF THE MACHINE GUN CREW.

DON'T LOCK ME UP IN THAT CELL - I'LL DIE - I DON'T WANT TO DIE -

PAH! THE ENGLANDER IS JUST A JOKE...

NO-NO-OH, PLEASE NO-



SUDDENLY THE HANDS WHICH HAD BEEN BEATING FEEBLY AT THE BOOTS OF THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNNERS, CLOSED LIKE VICES AROUND THEIR NECKS. SUDDENLY THE WEAK VOICE CRACKED LIKE A WHIP...

OKAY, SQUAREHEADS... YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAUGH!

ACH!

HIMMEL!



QUARREL'S PERFORMANCE HAD PUT HIM WITHIN REACH OF THE SPANDAU. IT HAD BEEN PLANNED TO DO JUST THAT...

DONNERWETTER!
SHOOT THE ENGLISHMAN—
SHOOT HIM!

ALL RIGHT,
JERRIES... WE'LL
PLAY IT MY WAY
NOW!

AAAGH!

QUARREL OPENED UP WITH THE SPANDAU AS THE GERMANS RUSHED HIM ACROSS THE YARD.

AAAGH!

COME ON,
SQUAREHEADS!
USE YOUR GUNS...
I WANT MY PALS
OUT THERE TO HEAR
THE MUSIC.

BACK!

Chapter 5. The Supermen

THE MEN IN THE TRUCKS HEARD THE MUSIC OF THE GUNS FROM EL SHATTRA. THEY CHECKED FOR A MOMENT, UNCERTAINLY...

GREAT SCOTT! I THOUGHT THIS QUARREL TYPE HAD THE SITUATION BUTTONED UP?

THAT'S WHAT HIS SIGNAL SAID, COLONEL CAMM.

THERE MUST BE JERRIES INSIDE THE FORT, SIR... SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A PARTY!

CAMM'S COMPANY WAS ONE OF THE IRREGULAR UNITS IN THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY THAT CARRY THE WAR IN THE DESERT TO THE GERMANS. COLONEL CAMM BELIEVED IN DOING JUST THAT...

WELL, BLOKES... WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S BARGE RIGHT IN!

OH, I SAY, SIR...

FEET DOWN, DRIVERS... SAFETY CATCHES OFF!



CAPTAIN ERSKINE HAD BEEN ATTACHED TO CAMM'S COMPANY AS LIAISON WITH QUARREL. HE CLUNG NERVOUSLY TO HIS SEAT NOW...

BUT REALLY, COLONEL— OUGHTN'T WE TO SPY OUT THE LAND FIRST?

SPY OUT, MY FOOT, OLD BOY— THERE'S A SCRAP GOING ON INSIDE THERE!



QUARREL HAD EMPTIED HIS LAST BELT AS THE BRITISH TRUCKS SMASHED THROUGH THE GATE. BUT THE GERMANS ADVANCING ACROSS THE YARD HAD GUNS AT THEIR BACKS NOW...

NICE TIMING, FRIENDS!

ACHTUNG! BEHIND!

WEIGH INTO THEM, BLOKES!



QUARREL HAD SPRUNG THE TRAP WHICH THE GERMANS HAD SET FOR COLONEL CAMM AND HIS MEN, AND THE PUGNACIOUS LITTLE COLONEL MADE THE MOST OF IT.

FLUSH THEM OUT, MEN!

JERRY'S SETTING UP AN M.G. OVER THERE, COLONEL!

QUARREL SPOTTED THE THREE GERMANS WITH THE MACHINE GUN UNDER THE PARAPET. HIS STAY IN THE COFFIN OF A CELL HAD LEFT HIM HUNGRY FOR EXERCISE...

STEADY, SQUAREHEADS... DON'T GET ABOVE YOURSELVES!

SO THAT'S QUARREL, IS IT? USEFUL SORT OF BLOKE!

AAAH!

THE THREE EGYPTIANS HAD BEEN WATCHING EVENTS NERVOUSLY BUT WITH DEEP INTEREST. IT WAS THEY WHO SAW GENERAL VON KREEPE, S.S. COLONEL BALKE AND A DOZEN GERMAN SOLDIERS MAKING FOR THE SAFETY OF THE BLOCKHOUSE...

SO, GENTLEMEN... WE ARE WATCHING THE MIGHT OF THE THIRD REICH... AND IT IS SEEKING SHELTER.

TRULY, SHEIK NESSIM... NOW OUR EYES ARE OPEN INDEED.



THERE WERE ONLY A HANDFUL OF GERMANS LEFT ON THEIR FEET IN THE BULLET-SWEPT YARD AS COLONEL CAMM AND QUARREL MET.

MISTER QUARREL, I PRESUME...

THAT'S RIGHT, FRIEND... PLEASED TO MEET YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE.



CAPTAIN ERSKINE WAS THERE, A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH, TO INTRODUCE THE TWO MEN WHEN THE BATTLE WAS OVER.

QUARREL,
THIS IS COLONEL
CAMM.

HELLO, COLONEL. I'M
SORRY ABOUT THE
SHAMBLES.

SORRY,
OLD BOY? YOU'RE
JOKING. NOW, WHEN
IS ROMMEL PUTTING IN
HIS APPEARANCE, AS
PER YOUR SIGNAL
TO H.Q.?

THE COLONEL GAVE QUARREL A LOOK AS HARD AND STRAIGHT AS A GUN BARREL...

HE ISN'T, COLONEL. THAT
WAS A FAKE SIGNAL. THE
JERRIES SENT IT, HOPING
YOU'D WALK INTO A TRAP.
IT'S A LONG STORY,
ACTUALLY...

I'LL BET IT IS, OLD BOY. BUT YOU SPRUNG THE
JERRY TRAP, EH? GOOD SHOW, THAT. ERSKINE'S
BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT YOU. I'D ASK YOU
IF YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN MY
COMPANY IF IT WEREN'T
FOR ONE SMALL DETAIL...

THE GERMANS IN THE BLOCKHOUSE OPENED UP WITH AUTOMATIC FIRE THROUGH THE SLITS AT THAT MOMENT. COLONEL CAMM WAVED HIS MEN TO COVER...

HOLD IT, BLOKES—WE'D BETTER FLUSH OUT THAT BLOCKHOUSE NEXT— UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO DO THE JOB SINGLEHANDED, QUARREL, OLD SON?

NO, COLONEL— NOT ME—

I TRIED GOING IT ALONE ONCE, COLONEL. NEVER AGAIN. ALL I EVER NEEDED WAS THE RIGHT MAN TO GIVE ME THE ORDERS, BUT THAT DETAIL YOU MENTIONED—

YOU JUST DISPOSED OF IT, QUARREL. IF YOU WANT A BERTH IN THE ARMY, THERE'S ONE WAITING FOR YOU IN CAMM'S COMPANY. I LIKE FIRE-EATERS UNDER ME. BUT THEY HAVE TO WORK AS A TEAM...AND THEY HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS...



COLONEL CAMM GAVE THE ORDERS THEN, SHARPLY. HE WAS THE RIGHT MAN FOR QUARREL...

YOU'RE HANDY WITH A GUN, AREN'T YOU, QUARREL? I WANT SPOT FIRE PUT INTO THOSE SLITS WHILE THE REST OF US RUSH THE DOOR. GOT THAT?

GOT IT, COLONEL!

QUARREL CRADLED THE LEE ENFIELD TO HIS SHOULDER. HE SIGHTED ON THE STAB OF FIRE FROM ONE OF THE SLITS IN THE WALL OF THE BLOCKHOUSE. HE WAS READY FOR THE NEXT ORDER...

OPEN UP, QUARREL!

RIGHT, COLONEL!

COME ON, BLOKES!



QUARREL PUT TWO BULLETS THROUGH THE FIRST SLIT AND THE STABBING FLAME WENT OUT. HE SWITCHED TO THE SECOND AND THIRD SLITS AS CAMM'S COMPANY SURGED ACROSS THE YARD...



A SPRAY OF AUTOMATIC FIRE WOULD NEVER HAVE REACHED THE GUNS IN THE BLOCKHOUSE. QUARREL PUT HIS BULLETS SWIFTLY AND CLEANLY DEEP INTO THE SLITS, AND THE GERMAN GUNS CHOKED INTO SILENCE.



GRENADES SMASHED OPEN THE DOOR OF THE BLOCKHOUSE. CAMMI'S COMPANY POURED IN, GUNS HAMMERING.



THEN S.S. COLONEL BALKE BURST OUT ON TO THE FLAT ROOF OF THE BLOCKHOUSE. HE HAD A GUN IN HIS HAND AND QUARREL SAW HIM...


THUNDER! THAT
S.S. DEVIL—THERE'S
A BULLET HERE
FOR HIM—

HOLD YOUR
FIRE, QUARREL—
I WANT HIM
ALIVE!



QUARREL HAD SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF S.S. COLONEL BALKE. CAMM'S SECOND ORDER WAS A HARD ONE FOR HIM TO TAKE. BUT HE TOOK IT...

HECK!
BUT OKAY—
ORDERS ARE
ORDERS!



FIVE MINUTES LATER, WITH THE FORT OF EL SHATTRA IN BRITISH HANDS, COLONEL CAMM JOINED QUARREL IN THE YARD.

WELL, QUARREL OLD SON... YOU CAN COUNT YOURSELF A MEMBER OF CAMM'S COMPANY FROM NOW ON... THAT'S IF THE STIFFNECKS IN CAIRO AGREE.

LOOK, QUARREL, YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO. TO START WITH, WHAT ARE THESE EGYPTIANS DOING HERE?



WELL, I TOLD YOU, ERSKINE... IT'S A LONG STORY...

QUARREL TOLD THEM THE STORY. THE THREE EGYPTIANS WATCHED QUARREL RESPECTFULLY UNTIL HE HAD FINISHED...

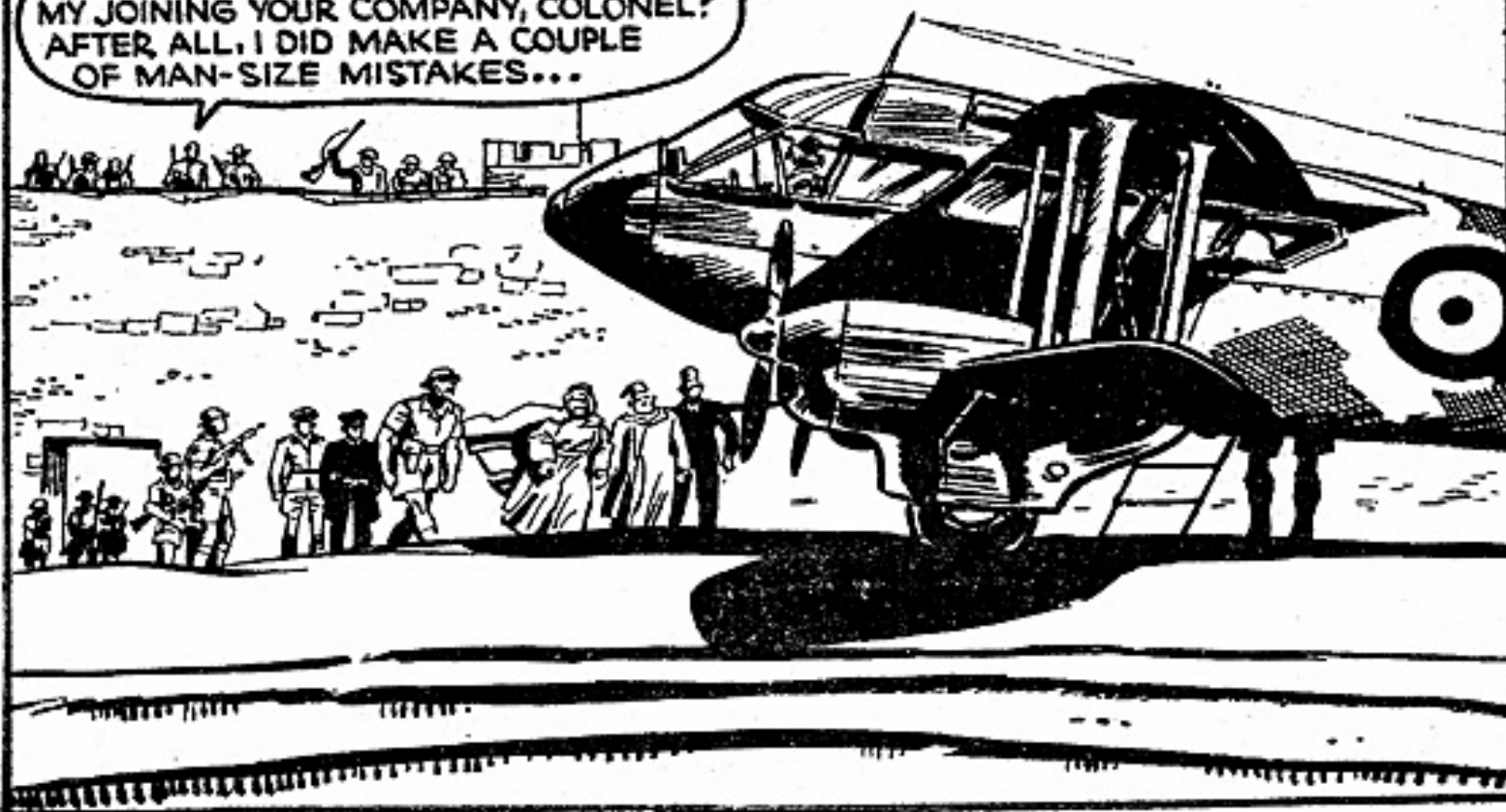
...AND THEN YOU TURNED UP, COLONEL...AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

HMM...IT'S QUITE ENOUGH, QUARREL, IF YOU ASK ME. I SHALL HAVE TO RADIO CAIRO AT ONCE. MAYBE THEY'LL THINK THOSE EGYPTIANS ARE IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO SEND AN AIRCRAFT OUT HERE FOR THEM...

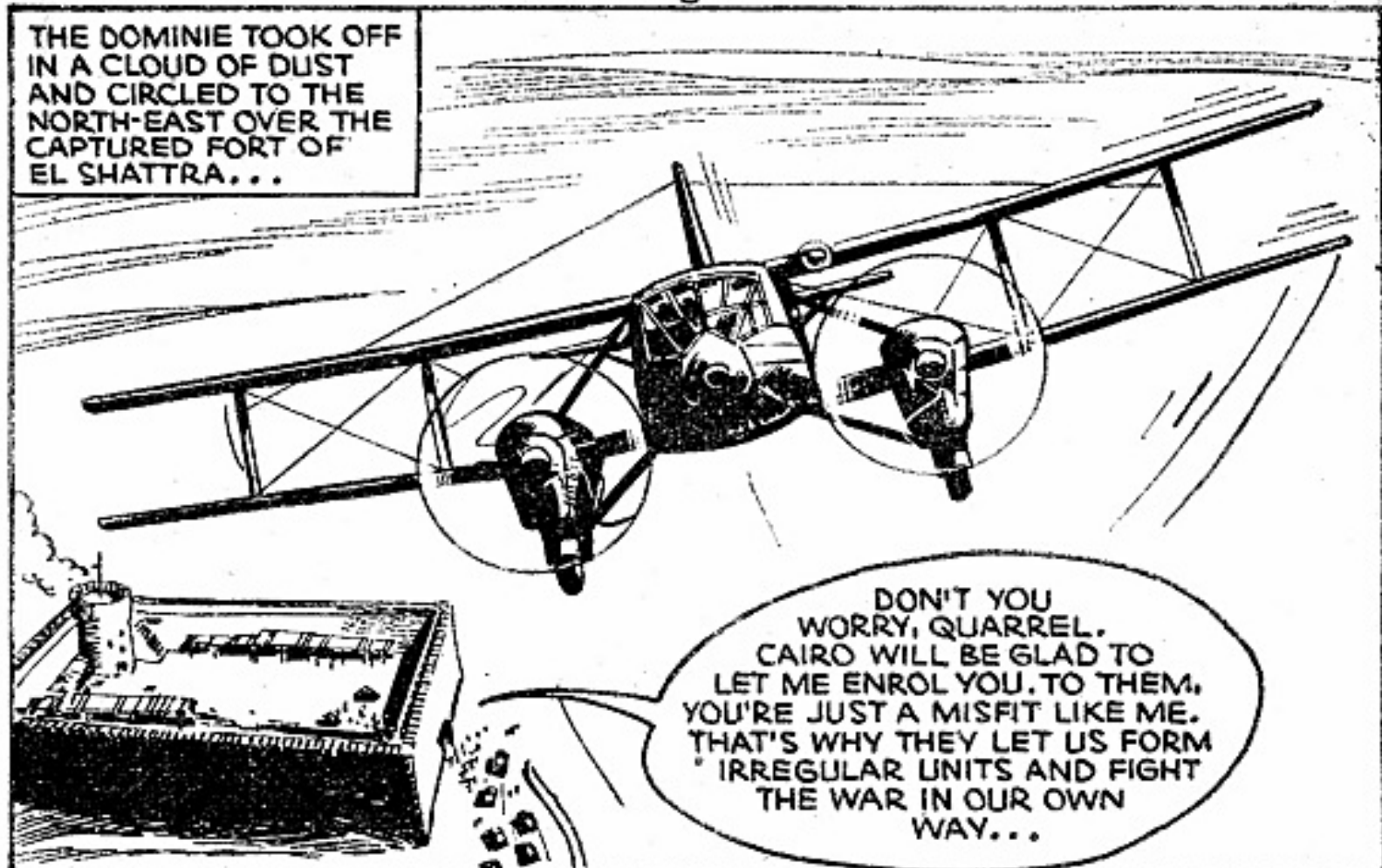


CAIRO AGREED WITH CAPTAIN ERSKINE. SIX HOURS LATER, AN ARMY LIAISON PLANE LANDED ON AN AIRSTRIP IMPROVISED BY CAMM'S MEN. THE EGYPTIANS AND THE TWO SENIOR GERMAN PRISONERS WERE SHEPHERDED ABOARD...

YOU THINK H.Q. WILL AGREE TO MY JOINING YOUR COMPANY, COLONEL? AFTER ALL, I DID MAKE A COUPLE OF MAN-SIZE MISTAKES...



THE DOMINIE TOOK OFF
IN A CLOUD OF DUST
AND CIRCLED TO THE
NORTH-EAST OVER THE
CAPTURED FORT OF
EL SHATTRA...



DON'T YOU
WORRY, QUARREL.
CAIRO WILL BE GLAD TO
LET ME ENROL YOU. TO THEM,
YOU'RE JUST A MISFIT LIKE ME.
THAT'S WHY THEY LET US FORM
"IRREGULAR UNITS AND FIGHT
THE WAR IN OUR OWN
WAY..."

COLONEL CAMM WAS RIGHT. WHEN CAPTAIN
ERSKINE PUT THE IDEA TO THE STAFF OFFICERS,
THEY AGREED TO IT WITH ALACRITY...



AND QUARREL,
SIR? I UNDERSTAND
COLONEL CAMM IS WILLING
TO ENROL HIM AS AN
OFFICER IN HIS
UNIT...

HE IS, IS HE? WELL, IF
IT'LL TAKE THE FELLER
OUT OF OUR HAIR, THEN
I'M ALL IN FAVOUR
OF IT!

GAD, YES!
BEST PLACE FOR HIM!
THEY'RE ALL LUNATICS
IN THAT COMPANY
OF CAMM'S!

THE STAFF OFFICERS HAD OTHER WORRIES ON THEIR MINDS...

BUT LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN, THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THESE THREE SHEIKS SHOULD BE PROPERLY IMPRESSED WITH THE STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH ARMY...

YOU'D BETTER TAKE THESE THREE OUT IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS AND SHOW 'EM OUR TANKS AND GUNS AND THINGS...



CAPTAIN ERSKINE TOOK HIS MISSION SERIOUSLY. DURING THE NEXT THREE DAYS, HE SHOWED THE BRITISH ARMY TO THE THREE EGYPTIANS WHO HAD VISITED EL SHATTRA...

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN... OUR TANKS...

VERY BIG, EFFENDI...

BUT THE GERMANS HAVE VERY BIG TANKS ALSO, EFFENDI...



THE THREE EGYPTIANS WATCHED THE MIGHT OF THE BRITISH ARMY ROLLING PAST THEM TO THE DESERT BATTLEFRONT...

AND OUR GUNS...

VERY POWERFUL, EFFENDI...

BUT THE GERMANS HAVE VERY POWERFUL GUNS ALSO, EFFENDI...

BUT THOUGH THE EGYPTIANS WERE POLITE, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THEY WERE NOT IN THE LEAST IMPRESSED...

WELL, OUR MEN, THEN...

VERY MANY, EFFENDI...

BUT THE GERMANS HAVE VERY MANY MEN ALSO, EFFENDI...



CAPTAIN ERSKINE WAS ABOUT TO ADMIT DEFEAT ON THE THIRD DAY, WHEN THE BLAND FACES OF THE THREE EGYPTIANS SUDDENLY CAME TO LIFE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE BRITISH ARMY HAD IMPRESSED THEM AT LAST...

ONE MOMENT, GENTLEMEN— YOU SEE?

AH YES, SHEIK NESSIM— TRULY THE GERMANS HAVE NOTHING LIKE THESE.

WHAT THE BLAZES—

TEARING THROUGH THE COLUMNS OF REGULAR SOLDIERLY CAME A FLEET OF BATTERED AND DUST-CAKED TRUCKS. CAPTAIN ERSKINE GAPED AT THEM AND THE MEN INSIDE THEM...

YES, YES... SEEING THESE MEN, EFFENDI, WE BELIEVE THAT THE BRITISH ARMY WILL CONQUER THE GERMANS.

WITH MEN LIKE THESE, EFFENDI, THE BRITISH ARMY CANNOT LOSE.

TRULY, EFFENDI... FOR THESE ARE SUPERMEN!

MY HAT— QUARREL— AND CAMM'S COMPANY!

THE BRITISH ARMY HALTED ROMMEL AT THE GATES OF EGYPT. IN ITS OWN GOOD TIME, IT KNOCKED THE AFRIKA KORPS BACK ACROSS LIBYA AND SWEEPED IT INTO THE SEA. AND IN ITS OWN PECULIAR WAY, IT MADE GOOD USE OF A SUPERMAN CALLED QUARREL...



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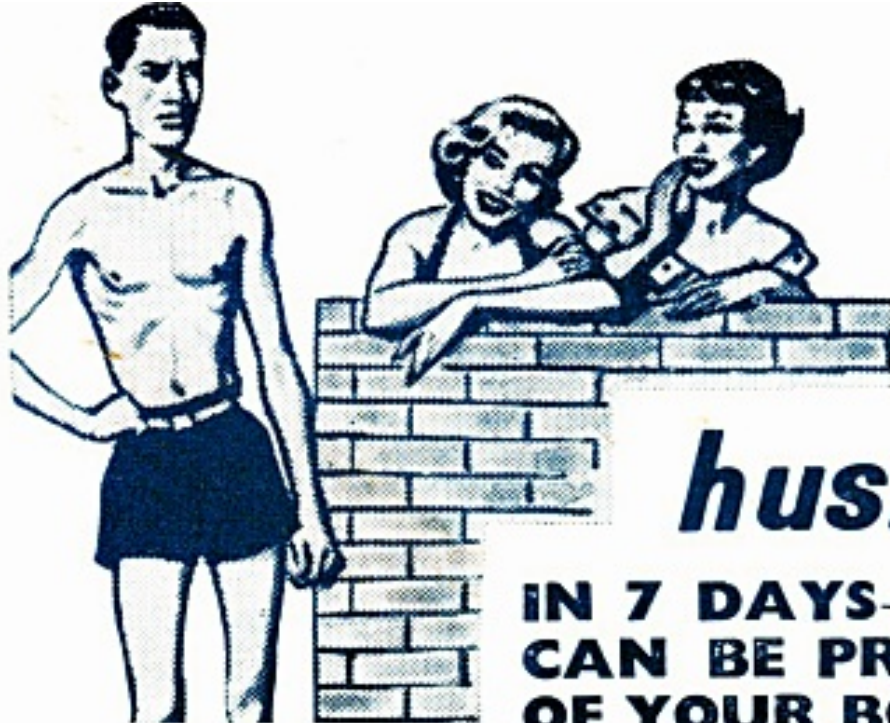
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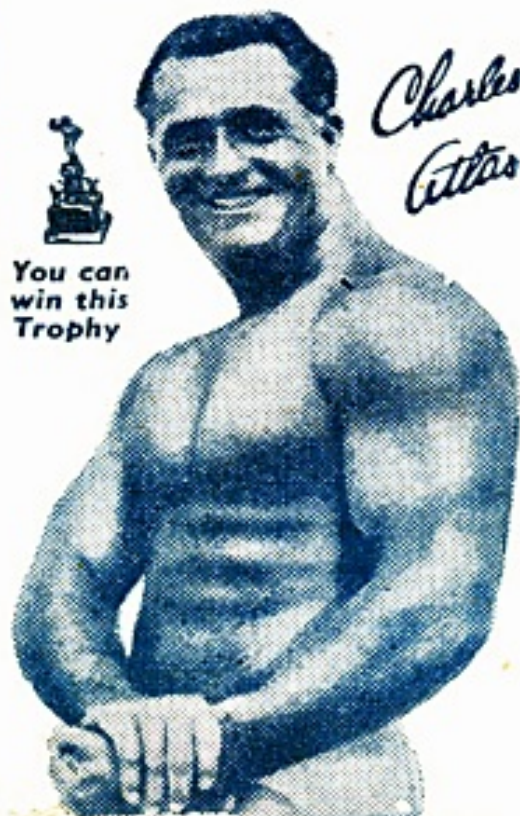
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